To know your answere, whether you'l admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart; some three or foure of you
Goe giue him courteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

*Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very sicke; but in the instant that your Messenger came, in louing visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazer: I acquainted him with the cause in controuersie betweene the Iew and Anthonio the Merchant; we turned ore many Bookes together, hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation, for I neuer knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whose triall shall better publish his commendation.*

*Enter Portia for Balthazer.*

*Duke.* You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere I take it is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

*Por.* I did my Lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome, take your place:
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court.

*Por.* I am enformed throughly of the cause:
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

*Duke.* *Anthonio* and olde *Shylocke*, both stand foorth.

*Por.* Is your name *Shylocke*?

*Iew.* *Shylocke* is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suite you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impunge you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe ye not?

*Ant.* I, so he sayes.





*Por.* Do you confesse the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the *Iew* be mercifull.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I, tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath: it is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and maiesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew lik'st Gods,
When mercy seasons iustice: therefore *Iew*,
Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercy. I haue spoke thus much
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffize, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,